

Popular Song.

UNCLE SAM'S FARM.

Of all the mighty nations
In the East or in the West,
O, this glorious Yankee nation
Is the greatest and the best.
We have room for all creation,
And our banner is unfurled;
Here's a general invitation
To the people of the world.

Then come along, come along, make no delay,
Come from every nation, come from every way,
Our lands they're broad enough, don't be alarmed,
Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm.

St. Lawrence marks our Northern Line,
As fast her waters flow;
And the Rio Grande our Southern bound,
Way down to Mexico.

From the great Atlantic ocean,
Where the sun 'gins to go down,
Leap across the Rocky mountains,
Far away to Oregon.

Then come along, &c.
While the South shall raise the Cotton,
And the West the Corn and Pork,
New England's Manufacturers
Shall do the finer work;

For the deep flowing water falls
That course along our hills,
Are just the thing for washing sheep
And driving Cotton Mills.

Then come along, &c.
Our fathers gave us liberty,
But little did they dream,
The grand results that pour along
This mighty age of Steam;

For our mountains, lakes and rivers
Are all a blaze of fire,
And we send our news by lightning
On the telegraphic wire.

Then come along, &c.
Yes! we're bound to beat the nations,
For our motto "Go ahead,"
And we'll tell the foreign paupers
That our people are well fed;

For the nation's trust remember
That Uncle Sam's no fool,
For the people do the voting,
And the children go to school.

ANCIENT PERU.

The priests of the Sun were almost innumerable, and in all the temples of the empire, both by day and night, a certain number of them were obliged to keep watch, and discharge the various functions prescribed by their ritual. They enjoyed the highest estimation, but before entering upon their duties were subjected to the severest tests of capacity, and obliged to undergo the severest penances. Before all of the great festivals of the Sun, they had to fast for long periods, and to go through many lustrations. In some parts of the empire they were bound to constant celibacy; in other parts they were permitted to marry, but for long periods were cut off from any communication with their wives. The high priest, who was always an Inca of the royal line, belonged to the brotherhood of the priests, and was subjected to the same regimen. He resided in Cuzco, where he made angaries from the flight of birds, and by consulting the entrails of animals, concerning the destinies of the Incas and of the empire. In the great festivals, the reigning Inca himself officiated as high priest, and was therefore initiated into all the mysteries of religion.

The virgins dedicated to the Sun, were considered as spouses of God, and lived in convents, in the greatest seclusion and retirement. The most celebrated of these establishments was the *Acatlahuasi*, or House of the Elect, in Cuzco, where only those who were distinguished for their lineage or beauty, and which contained more than a thousand virgins. None could be admitted here by right, except girls of the royal blood, who, in their earliest youth were taken from their parents, and placed under the care of certain aged matrons, who had grown grey in the cells of the cloister. When sufficiently advanced to do so, they were obliged to take an oath of perpetual seclusion and virginity, to have no relation with their parents or the world; and so faithfully they kept their vow, and so rigorously observed their seclusion, that the Emperor himself could not enter the shadows of their cloister—privilege reserved for the *Coya* or queen alone. Under direction of the matrons, the spouses of the Sun learned the sacred duties of their office. Their occupations were to spin and weave the fine cloth for the Royal family, to make the vestments in which the Inca sacrificed to the Sun, and the *chira* and little cakes of maize called *zancas* for the use of the court. Their convents were as richly furnished as the palaces of the Inca, and the Temples of the Sun, so that nothing should be wanting to invest their institutions with dignity and influence.

The Moon was regarded as sister and spouse of the Sun, and as such was the object of great veneration, although its worship was comparatively restricted. It was supposed to be the special protectress of women, and invoked in all the circumstances connected with maternity.

Besides the priests of the Sun, there were others of less distinction, who were attached to the worship of the different classes of deities which have already been enumerated. Each *huaca* had its priest, and through him their oracles were consulted. There were priests too, whom the proprietors of *Comopas* consulted, and others who attended at child-births and at funerals, to drive away evil influences from the new-born and the dead. There were others also, wild wanderers, whom the early Spaniards denounced sweepingly as witches.

One class, called *Soyce*, professed to foretell events, and predicted through the means of little piles of kernels of maize; others by means of the insects which they found in houses; others affected to interpret dreams; in short

in Peru, as everywhere else in the world thousands were found designing enough to avail themselves of the ignorance, and practice on the superstitions of men. The priests who consulted the *huacas*, it should be mentioned, were accustomed to put themselves in a state of ecstasy by means of a narcotic drink, called *tonca*, made of the fruit of a species of stramonium, and in this state received their inspirations.

Our Beautiful World.

It has been continually asserted that our temporary abode is one of sin, trial and tribulation, and we are satisfied it is so, but by whose fault? By the beings for whose happiness the globe was made.

There is no doubt that the earth is the most favored of all the planets, indeed we are rather puzzled to reconcile beings similar to ourselves inhabiting those orbs that lie outside of Mars—or, on the other hand, inside of ourselves, regarding the sun as the centre.

The planet Jupiter for example that is 1,500 times as large as the earth has its axis perpendicular to the plane of its orbit and therefore there cannot be seasons there as we have them here, besides it is so far removed from the sun that (all other things being considered alike) the cold must be more than our frames could bear.

Again, taking the planet Mercury, the nearest to the sun, the heat there is equal to that of iron at a white heat, and therefore totally unfitted (all other things being alike) to be the dwelling place of man as we understand him. Now to think these great orbs were made for no purpose but for us to gaze at, is quite absurd, as there are many of them undistinguishable with the naked eye; therefore we may naturally conclude they are the habitations of other intelligences, fitted to their individual contingencies.

Let us for a moment suppose that we stand on Chimborazo—look at the hill and dale—the plain studded with habitations, the mountain streams as they trickle down until they unite and form large rivers in whose ample wave the little naiads love to sport at large—behold the waving forests—look at the quiet herds as they graze over the velvet green—see the flowers in all their luxuriance, that even Solomon could not compete with in all his glory—look at the cold round moon traversing the ethereal heavens, to give us its reflected light—look at all these things and must we not at once see that we have been well cared for by the great architect.

But, alas! how are we humiliated, when in the same breath we are obliged to acknowledge that, all man's unworthy passions, all his hypocrisies, all his short comings, and all his crimes, are the only blot on the execution of the fairest, and most beautiful of all the spheres in space.

In a Hurry.

Every-body now-a-days is in a hurry. The watchword everywhere is "hurry up." Like the Spartan boy whose sword was too short to reach the foe, we take an eager step forward with every lunge we make in the great Battle of life.

"Hurry up." The milk man standing among his canes like patience on a monument, rubbing his hands while to keep them warm, sings the single strain—"hurry up." The collector waiting at the door, with a fist full of bills, begs you in softest tones to "hurry up." Mrs. Gad dressing for an evening party, and trembling with the thought of captivating the foreign count, has no other ejaculation for the tardy maid than "hurry up." If a girl is to be kissed, or a pig to be shaved, it is "hurry up"—time is precious, can't wait?

The preacher in his desk, the orator in the forum, the conductor on the railroad, reformer in the market-place, are all crying "hurry up." Men are born in a hurry, are buried in a hurry, and forgotten in a deuce of a hurry.

But after all, "hurry up" is not such a bad motto. There is need that the old fogeyism of our age should "hurry up." Young America is pressing hard upon the heels of the laggards, and will cut them down one and all, unless they "hurry up."

"Hurry up." It is an injunction that we all might hear with advantage in many relations of life. In our search after truth and righteousness; in our efforts to promote the right and obliterate the wrong; in our abnegation of vice and error we might all "hurry up" without any diminution of our renown or self-respect. We live but a little while at best, wear but a few crowns and gather but a few trophies; and if we cannot, as did Cleopatra, dissolve the pearls in our drinking cups, or like Alexander, stand up among men a demi-god, we can at least while we do linger here in our sphere "hurry up," in the discharge of our duties and responsibilities, so that when time shall trample down the summer rushes that bind us here, and our feet take hold on the upper strands, we may hear that welcome, "come up higher."—*Newark Mercury*.

Dr. Johnson once dined with a Scottish lady who had a hotch for dinner. After the doctor had tasted it, she asked him if it was good.

"It is good for hogs, ma'am," said the doctor.

"Then pray," said the lady, "let me help you to a little more."

An Englishman travelling in Kilkenny, came to a ford and hired a boat to take him across. The water being more agitated than was agreeable to him, he asked the boatman if any person ever was lost in the passage.

"Never," replied Pat, "my brother was drowned here last week, but we found him again the next day."

"We cannot help thinking how much easier an editor's life might be made if his generous patrons could only hear his better half scraping the bottom of the flour barrel! A man that can write editorials with such music-sounding in his ears, can easily walk the telegraph wires and turn sonnets in the branches of a thornbush."

Moral Suasion on a Ram.

When a friend of ours, whom we call Agricola, was a boy, he lived on a farm in Berkshire county, the owner of which was troubled by his dog Wolf. The cur killed his sheep, knowing perhaps, that the dog never looked sheep in the face again. The ram broke every bone in his body, literally. Wonderfully uplifted was the ram aforesaid, by his exploit; his insolence became intolerable; he was sure to pitch into whomever went nigh him. "I'll fix him," said I, and so I did. I rigged an iron crow-bar out of a hole in the barn; point foremost, and hung an old hat on the end of it. You can't always tell, when you see a hat, whether there is a head in it or not; how then should a ram? The ram made at it full butt, and being a good marksman from long practice, the bar broke in between his horns, and came out under his tail. This little admonition effectually cured him of bunting."

"Thou art permitted," said the honest farmer; and we will let Agricola tell the story in his own words.

"There was a ram on the farm," said Agricola, "as notorious for bunting as Wolf was for sheep killing, and who stood in as much need of moral suasion as the dog. I shut Wolf up in the barn with this old fellow, and the consequence was, that the dog never looked a sheep in the face again. The ram broke every bone in his body, literally. Wonderfully uplifted was the ram aforesaid, by his exploit; his insolence became intolerable; he was sure to pitch into whomever went nigh him. 'I'll fix him,' said I, and so I did. I rigged an iron crow-bar out of a hole in the barn; point foremost, and hung an old hat on the end of it. You can't always tell, when you see a hat, whether there is a head in it or not; how then should a ram? The ram made at it full butt, and being a good marksman from long practice, the bar broke in between his horns, and came out under his tail. This little admonition effectually cured him of bunting."

The Mistakes of the Telegraph.

A few days since, a gentleman telegraphed to one of the western cities, to gain intelligence of his daughter, who was ill. In return he received a laconic reply from her physician, which purported that he was a grandfather. "Heavens!" he exclaimed, throwing down the message as if it had been a hot cinder. "My daughter—a child!" And striding to his closet, he grabbed his hat and coat and struck a bee-line for the cars, muttering, "A pretty mess, indeed—child—my daughter in such a predicament, and unmarried, too! Oh, such a disgrace!" In a few hours he was at the sick room of his daughter. The physician was surprised to see him so soon, but politely told him "that the girl was getting along finely."

"So it is a girl, hey," gasped the father. "Of course," said the doctor, "don't you call your daughter a girl?" "Ah—hum—yes—but, the child!" "Child!" wondered the doctor, "what child?" "Why, sir, did you not send that dispatch?" pettishly inquired our friend, as he handed the doctor the dispatch he had hastily picked up from the floor before he left home. The doctor read it, and a broad smile was visible upon his features. "I sent you a dispatch, but heaven knows, it contained no such news as this. The one I sent you intimating that your daughter was just through having a child." It added that the relieved papa offered to treat, if the doctor would say nothing about it.

The Boy and the Brick.—A Fable.

A boy hearing his father say that it was a poor rule that did not work both ways, said: "if father applies this rule about his work, I will test in my play."

So setting up a row of bricks, three or four inches apart, he tipped over the first, which, striking the second, caused it to fall on the third, which overturned the fourth, and so on through the whole course, until all the bricks lay prostrate.

"Well," said the boy, "each brick knocked down his neighbor which stood next to him. I only tipped one. I will see if raising one will raise all the rest."

He looked in vain to see them rise.

"Here father," said the boy, "this poor rule that won't work both ways. They knock each other down, but will not raise each other up."

"My son," said the father, "bricks and mankind are alike made of clay, active in knocking each other down, but not disposed to help each other up."

"Father," said the boy, "does the first brick represent or resemble the first Adam?"

MORAL.

"When men fall, they love company; but when they rise they love to stand alone, like yonder brick, and see others prostrate and below them. But, my son, this is contrary to that Heavenly charity which we ought all to possess, and never let it be so with you."

"Ah, mon dieu! mon dieu!" said Monsieur Melanots to his friend Spiffins, "my sweet-heart have given me de mittern."

"Indeed!—how did that happen?"

"Yell, I thought I must go to make her von visset, before I leave town; so I step in de side of de room, and dere I behold her beautiful pairson stretch out von lazy."

"A lounge you mean?"

"Ah, yes—von lounge. And den I say I vas ver sure she would be rotten, if I did not come to see her before I—"

"You said what?"

"That's enough. You have put your foot in it, to be sure."

"No sare. I put my foot out of it, for she say she would call her sare big brudder, and keek me out, begar! I had intention to say mortified but I could not tink de virid, and mortify and rot is all same as von, in my dictionaire."

A darkey, having been to California, thus speaks of his introduction to San Francisco:

"As soon as day landed in de ribber, dar moutf watered to be de deland, and as soon as dey waded to de shore, dey didn't find no gulf, but dey found such a large supply of nuffin to eat, dat dar gums cracked like baked clay in a brick-yard."

A temperance paper, extending its views in the region of tobacco exclaims: "What a splendid figure the apostle Paul would have made, had he gone about to proclaim the sublime truths of Christianity with a quid of tobacco and a long nine in his mouth!"

Beautifully Said.

We make the following beautiful extract on the Homestead Law, from a letter recently written by Judge DILLAHENT, of Tennessee:

"Secure to each family whose labor may acquire it, a little spot of free earth that it can call its own—that will be an asylum in times of adversity, from which the mother and the children, old age and infancy, can still draw sustenance claim protection, through misfortune they are still free, still entitled to walk on the green earth, and breathe the fre air of heaven, in defiance of the power and potency of accumulated wealth and the domineering of the pretending and ambitious. The sacredness of that consecrated spot will make them warriors in the time of eternal strife. 'Those shocks of corn,' said Xenophon, 'inspire those who raise them with courage to defend them. The largest of them in the middle of the field to crown the conqueror.'"

"Secure a home to every family whose honest labor may obtain one, against the weakness, vice and misfortunes of the father, and you will rivet the affections of the child in years of manhood by a stronger bond than any consideration that could exist. He will remember where he gambled in his youth, the stream in whose limpid waters he has bathed, and the family altar where he felt a mother's love, and the green spot within that little homestead where sleep the loved and the lost."

GETTING ON TOO FAST.—A pious slave had a wicked master. This master had much confidence, however, in the slave's piety. He believed he was a christian. Sometimes the master would be serious and thoughtful about religion. One day he came to the old slave with the New Testament in his hand, and asked if he would explain a passage to him. The slave was willing to try and asked what it was.

"It is here in Romans," said the master.

"Have you done all it tells you to do in Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John?" inquired the slave seriously, fixing his eyes upon his master's face.

"No, I haven't," said he.

"Then you're getting on too fast, master. Go back to the beginning of the book. Do all it tells you, till you get to Romans, and you will understand it easy enough then, for the good book says, 'If any man will do my will, he will know the doctrine.'"

If any of our readers ever hear any body arguing about a hard text in Romans, or some where else, and worrying to know what it means, just tell him the story about 'getting on too fast.'

BOOKS.

There are many books that require no tho't from those who read them, and for a very simple reason—they make no such demand upon those who wrote them. Those works, therefore, are the most valuable, that set our thinking faculties in the fullest operation. For as the solar light calls forth all the latent powers and dormant principles of vegetation contained in the kernel, but which, without such a stimulus, would neither have struck nor borne fruit upward, so it is with the light that is intellectual; it calls forth and awakens into energy those latent principles of thought in the mind of others, which, without this stimulus, reflection would not have matured, nor examination improved, nor action embodied.—*Colton*.

A Great Chimney.—I had the pickiest chimney in this 'ere kitchen a year ago that you ever seed. The fact was, that it *dropped the wrong way*. Ef you'll bieve me on my solemn oath, there hadn't a flock of wild geese died within a mile of our house for ten years but what was sucked down that 'ere chimney. But about a year ago, a new mason moved inter the village below. An' he did it—an' now you may hook one end of an ox chain in the middle of the kitchen floor, and the draft is so good that the chain'll *sten quiveren* up the chimney. That's a fact."

God intended all women to be beautiful, just as much as he did morning glories and roses, and what he intended they should become they would, if they would obey his laws, and cut indulgence and cor-set strings, and indulge in freedom and fresh air. For a girl to expect to be handsome with the actions of her lungs depending upon the expansive nature of a cent's worth of tape, is as absurd as to look for tulips in a snow-bank or a full grown oak tree in a flower pot.

The distance of a thunder shower and its consequent danger can easily be estimated. As light travels at the rate of 152,000 miles in a second of time, its effects may be considered as instantaneous within any moderate distance.

Sound is transmitted at the rate 1,142 feet in a second. By observing, therefore, the time which intervenes between the flash of lightning and the thunder which accompanies it, a very near calculation may be made of its distance.

A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.—Boil three or four onions with a pint of water; then, with a gilding brush, go over your glasses and frames and rest assured that the flies will not light on the article washed. This may be used without apprehension, and it will not do the least injury to the frames.

"Billy, my boy, what are breeches of trust?" said a father to his smartest boy.

"What a funny question, pa!"

"Can't you answer it, Billy?"

"Yes pa, but I don't like to."

"What a silly boy; come out with it."

"Well, pa, your Sunday trousers are breeches of trust, 'cos you got 'em on tick."

(Exit pa, whistling.)

Good Bread.—Speaking of the various alleged improvements in making bread, using doctor-stuff, &c., a practical man says, "Nothing more is requisite to produce good, wholesome, light bread, than flour made from well-dried, new wheat, pure water, and a little sweet leaven."

PURVIANCE'S Stock is now complete.

From little cases, very neat,
Up to those of large dimensions,
Suitable for high pretensions,
Come on, Ladies! come on, Gents!
Come on, every man of sense!
And get impressions of your faces,
To show your friends your many graces.
The dress is better to be dark;
But brown or red is just the mark.
For these the contrast plainly shows
Between the person and the clothes.
It's well enough the Sun should shine,
As this will serve to shorten time.
But if it don't, and clouds be rife,
He'll take your picture in the light.
Those little *Sinners*, y'clept babies,
Should never come 'midst clouds and shades,
But when the monarch of the skies,
His shining robes puts on to rise,
And bring your little ones to see
Another theme the muse suggests,
To put all gloomy doubts to rest,
Such honest men as scruple feet,
Lest wicked craft fresh from the deal
Should be invoked in place of art,
And made to act a wily part.
We have with conscience clear of evil
Gallery, 2nd St., 2nd door north
of Powell & Co's Store.

June 13, 1854.—14.

Great Excitement.—Startling Announcement.

WHAT the largest, cheapest, and best assortment of Goods ever brought into Clearfield county. Just arrived, and are offered for sale at the New Store of the subscribers, near the Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. Never before has a more brilliant and at the same time a cheaper lot of Goods been offered to this community. They have all been selected with a view to the wants and necessities of the people of this particular locality. After long experience, and intimate acquaintance with the business connections of the county, Dry Goods of every variety, Dress Goods, Cloths, Cassimeres, and Clothing; Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Bonnets and Shawls, together with a large and splendid assortment of Queensware, Hardware and Groceries.

Defying all competition, they solicit their friends and the public to give them a call and examine their stock.

MOSSOP & POTTERF.

June 12, 1854.—15.

AS CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST, AND AS GOOD AS THE BEST, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.—Jas. Watson would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally that he has just returned from the East, where he has purchased the most splendid assortment of Boots & Shoes ever brought to Clearfield, viz: every variety of Ladies alippers, gaiters, pumps, &c. &c. Mens fancy shoes, and gaiters, with an excellent assortment of heavy stock, all adapted to the wants of the people of Clearfield.

He hopes his friends will give him a call at his store in "Shaw's Row" and examine his stock.

June 13, 1854.

NEW FIRM.—GRAHAM & WATSON, have just opened a new and splendid assortment of goods at their Store in Grahamtown consisting of Ladies-Dress Goods, Cloths, Cassimeres, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, &c. &c. and every other article usually kept in a country Store, where they offer for sale as cheap, if not cheaper than any other Store in the County. All kinds of Produce and lumber taken in exchange for Goods.

All of Dr. Jayne's family medicines for sale.

C. M. GRAHAM,
JAS. E. WATSON.

Grahamtown, June 14, '54.

NEW FIRM.—TROUTMAN & ROWE, House, Sign and Ornamental Painters.—Glaziers, Chair makers, and Paper Hangors, offer their services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Shop next door to the Jew's Store.

They keep constantly on hand, and make to order every article of the above nature, and at the lowest prices. Chairs, and Sofas made equal in beauty to any that can be obtained from the City, and more durable in workmanship and material.

JOHN TROUTMAN,
ROBERT ROWE.

June 14, '54.—15.

THE GOOD INTENT HOTEL, and Stage Office, Clearfield, Pa. The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has just refitted and re-furnished his house and is prepared to render every attention to the travelling community.

His bar contains liquors of the first quality, and his table will always be supplied with the best in market.

He respectfully solicits his friends and others to give him a call.

WM. R. FLEMING.

June 14, '54.

A. M. HILLS, D. D. S. Office adjoining his Store, Clearfield, Pa. Artificial Teeth, from one to a full set, mounted in the most approved modern style.

Filling, Filing, and Cleaning done with care and neatness.

Treatments with all the care and dispatch modern science can furnish.

DR. HILLS, can always be found at his office, as he is now devoting his whole time to his profession.

June 14, '54.

LEOPOLD'S COMMERCIAL HOTEL, No. 18, South Sixth St., Philadelphia. The subscriber has recently enlarged and fitted up his house, and is now enabled to complete successfully, with any establishment in the City. His rooms are comfortable and well ventilated, and his table is furnished with the best in market. He respectfully solicits the large circle of his Clearfield friends to give him a call when they visit the City.

JACOB G. LERO.

June 13, 1854.—15.

JOHN R. MORROW, Cabinet Maker, Shop opposite site M. E. Church, Clearfield, Pa. Keeps constantly on hand and makes to order, all kinds of Furniture, such as Tea Tables, Card Tables, Centre Tables, Sofas, Spring Seated Chairs, Bedsteads, Bureaus, Wash Stands, Cupboards, Safes, &c. &c. Coffins made on the shortest notice, and Funerals attended.

JOHN R. MORROW.

June 13, 1854.—15.

JAMES BIDDLE GORDON—Attorney at Law, has removed his office to the room adjoining the East, the Drug Store of Dr. H. Lorain, and will devote his whole attention to the practice of his profession. He may be consulted in French and German.

June 13, 1854.—15.

E. S. DUNDY—Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Is nearly opposite Judge Wright's Store, Clearfield, Pa., practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties.

June 13, 1854.—15.

J. B. MCENALLY—Attorney at Law. Office opposite Judge Wright's Store, Clearfield, Pa., practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties.

June 13, 1854.—15.

CHEAP CLOTHING.—A large lot of Cheap Clothing, Men's and Boys, for sale cheap, by

June 13, '54.

MOSSOP & POTTERF.

June 13, '54.

BLACKBERRY BRANDY.—A certain cure for the Dysentery, for sale by

June 13, '54.

MOSSOP & POTTERF.

June 13, '54.

GOODS AT CITY PRICES.—If you want to get all kinds of Goods at city prices call at

June 14, '54.

MOSSOP & POTTERF'S.

June 14, '54.

200 Barrels White Sugar, for sale at

June 14, '54.

MOSSOP & POTTERF'S.

June 14, '54.

100 Sacks Salt, just received at the Cheap Store of